

HE CARRIED A REVOLVER

AN ARMED AMERICAN NEWSPAPER MAN'S EXPERIENCE IN IRELAND.

The Authorities Allowed Him to Keep His Weapon Under Absurd Conditions. A Police Spy Who Succeeded to the Seduction of Poteen.

[Copyright by American Press Association.] The visit of Mr. William O'Brien to this country reminds me of the time I first met him in the Imperial hotel in Dublin, when, in the person of a slender, quiet gentleman with the manner of a student, I saw the "Firebrand of the Land League." There is a story connected with my visit to Ireland which is wonderfully characteristic of the methods which Mr. O'Brien so liberally denounced.

It was in 1882 that Mr. William Henry Hurst, then the editor of The New York World, decided to send me abroad to write



THE OFFICERS EXCITED. up the Land League agitation. At that time Arabi Bey—afterward Arabi Pasha—was making things lively for the English in Egypt, and Mr. Hurst had some idea of ordering me to the seat of war. As the result of this when I packed my valise I placed in it my Colt's navy with a box of cartridges.

The steamship Seythia, of the Cunard line, anchored below Queenstown about 1 o'clock in the morning. A curious looking tug with oscillating engines and paddle wheels was waiting for the mails, and the three passengers besides myself who were going ashore climbed down to her deck. The morning was cold and raw, and the hour's run to the town was about as uncomfortable in the stuffy little cabin as it well could be. When we reached the landing stage the custom house officials examined and passed the luggage of my companions in misery—we were all cold, damp and extremely hungry—before opening my valise.

As nothing in the trunks was disturbed I was somewhat surprised to find a pound of tobacco which I had promptly confiscated. This I afterward got back on a payment of two shillings. But it was when the revolver and cartridges were found that the officers became excited. They were at once taken and hastily carried off to an inner room, where they were locked up. A conference was had to which a constabulary inspector with a bad temper was summoned, and it was seriously debated whether I should not be requested to occupy a chair in the police station until my case could be presented to a resident magistrate. I was asked whether I had any more arms, and to make things certain my clothes were searched. I need scarcely say to any newspaper man that, so far from being offended at all this, the incident was to the last degree interesting. Nothing would have pleased me more than being locked up. However, after examining my credentials and taking possession of my valise, I was allowed to go on my own recognizance, upon a promise to visit the resident magistrate as soon as possible.

It was 11 o'clock before I could see Mr. Daly, the resident magistrate in charge. I found him to be a very pleasant gentleman, living in one of the prettiest houses I ever saw. I told Mr. Daly my story and produced my credentials, as well as a number of letters of introduction which Mr. Hurst had given me. As I talked I noticed that he referred to a paper on his desk from time to time, which was evidently a police report of the arrival of a dangerous American. Finally Mr. Daly seemed to be convinced that it was safe to let me fly—with a string—and he gave me the following permit, which I have kept as a curious memento:

The bearer of this, Mr. Alfred Balch, a correspondent of The New York World, is hereby allowed to carry one revolver and cartridges from Queenstown to Dublin on his promise to report the same to the Dublin police as soon as he shall arrive in that city. Mr. Balch declares his intention of proceeding to Dublin direct. Should he leave the train at any place en route he promises to report the said revolver and cartridges at once to the nearest police official.

J. P. DALY, Resident Magistrate. Armed with this permit I visited the constabulary officer who had my valise and showed it to him. When I asked for the things he very kindly offered to send them up by one of his men to the train, to which proposition I naturally assented. It was not until afterward that it occurred to me that this courtesy on his part secured the custody of the "gun" until I got on the cars. The valise was duly delivered



MR. DALY CONVINCED and the policeman gave it to the railroad porter himself. What was my amazement when I left the train in Dublin and got my valise to recognize this man standing a little way from the jaunting car which I had hired. I began to experience a delicious sense of conspiracy and felt that my reading of Gaboriau was not in vain.

I drove at once to the Central Police bureau, and taking the valise in produced the revolver and cartridges, as well as Mr. Daly's permit. The inspector in charge seemed at first a little puzzled over the case and did not seem to know quite what to do with it. I told my story, produced my credentials and letters of introduction

and demanded that an entry of my visit should be made. This being done I volunteered to leave the revolver and cartridges where they were until I left the country. After some consultation between the officials I was told that I might take the revolver to the hotel provided I would have it locked up and would report when I moved it. I drove to the Sherbourne house and gave the revolver to the clerk to keep for me.

But the fun I had out of that revolver and the Dublin police passes words. Whenever I left the city to travel to England I reported the exit and the return of that Colt's navy. Each time, too, I insisted on being given a written receipt for my report. This scheme worked so well that when I went on an excursion to Black Rock or took a trip to the Vale of Avoca I lugged that load of iron simply for the pleasure it gave me to report it. I think every inspector in Dublin got to know me and my revolver, and I think I contrived to make them all heartily sick of it.

It was not until Lord Spencer, then the lord lieutenant of Ireland, took his trip through Connaught that the cream of the joke began to get skimmed. I had secured permission from Mr. Courtney Boyle, the private secretary, to go with the party, and of course my revolver was to go along. When I informed the central office men that I was going with Lord Spencer, and wished to report the departure of the weapon, they manifested some excitement. They urged that I did not need anything of the kind in Ireland, and offered to take charge of it for me. I told them I would as soon go without my trousers as my revolver when I was traveling, and they promptly swallowed this fiction. An Irish official believes that an American carries a deck load of weapons all the time. As up to that date I had not manifested any murderous desire to slaughter the government they could not think of any reason why I should not carry the revolver, and so I left on the train.

But we had not stopped at more than three stations in order that the addresses might be presented to his lordship before I noticed a man in a brown suit of clothes who always seemed to be near me. During the second day I became convinced that I was the object of the brown suit's special attention, and that evening, I am sorry to say, the wearer fell from grace. Irish whiskey did it, and it cost me two bottles of Jamison before he went under; but during the time he became very affectionate and confidential, and after getting full directions as to the method of securing a place on the New York force he told me his business was to look after me especially. It seems that the addle pated officials in Dublin had made up their minds that my extreme openness about the revolver was merely a blind, and that something—they did not know exactly what—was behind it all. Not only was I honored by having this detective at my heels, but myself and my revolver were reported to all the police along the route. That night



AFFECTIONATE AND CONFIDENTIAL. I packed the revolver and cartridges up, and early in the morning mailed them by parcels post to the landlord of the Sherbourne house in Dublin. The amount of satisfaction which I got out of police attentions after that may easily be imagined.

When I went back to Dublin I called on my friends at the central office and told them my experience in the west. I thanked them for the police protection I had enjoyed, told them the name of my own detective as well as those of the others who had watched me—for after he got drunk the brown suit was as free in my hands—and informed them that the revolver was at the Sherbourne. Thereat Inspector Beaher rose in wrath.

"On me, soul," he said, "is 'tis you that has been making game of us this while!"

"Inspector," said I, "the revolver is at the hotel, but I expect to take it to England to-morrow. Shall I report it again, then, or will this do?"

"List' to me," replied he. "'Tis but a step to Mickey Phelan's, and Mickey has the best whiskey in all Ireland. Come and have a drink with me and I'll have mercy on ye."

"But the revolver?"

"If ever ye mention that revolver to me again I'll transport ye for life. Now, will ye come to Mickey's?"

ALFRED BALCH.

American Labels on French Goods.

The assertion, often made and generally accepted as true, that the French bought large quantities of American wine, re-casked and rebottled it as a French product and shipped it back to the United States, is fully disproved by the latest report of the bureau of statistics. For the year ending with last June the total exports of American wines were 379,000 gallons. Of this quantity only 1,000 gallons went to France. It must therefore be concluded that the cheat involved in putting foreign labels on domestic products is one for which dealers this side of the ocean are responsible. What the Frenchman really is doing, according to late advices, is to mark his wares with American brands, that they may find sale in American stores. For example, excellent California prunes grown in France are now on sale. It is only within a year or two that California prunes have been offered for eastern consumption. But so popular have they become that a struggle is going on between California and France for the American market, and it is alleged the Frenchman now sends to the United States the product of his orchards put up in the most attractive packages, which bear all the appearance of fancy brands of the genuine California article.

Some Suggestions for Monuments.

As the good people of Massachusetts are showing just now some activity in the monument building line, it may not be out of place to suggest to them the propriety of erecting memorials to such worthies as Miles Standish, Cotton Mather, John Robinson, John Winthrop, Massachusetts, Jonathan Edwards, John A. Andrew, Hawthorne, Longfellow and Sumner. Nearly all these names are world famous, but their dead and gone owners do not live in Paris in marble or enduring bronze, at least within the limits of the commonwealth they loved.

THE PRODUCTION OF QUININE.

A Citizen of Colombia Says His Country Exports No Bark.

It is a fact not generally known outside the trade circles immediately interested that most of the quinine used nowadays comes from the far east and not from South America. The exportation of cinchona bark from Colombia has ceased. "Ten or twelve years ago," says Mr. Climacio Calderon, "the production of cinchona was a kind of monopoly with some countries of the northern part of South America, where the tree producing the bark grows wild in surprising profusion. But the carelessness, lack of method and system in the collection of the bark gave rise to the fear that the production of so necessary an article would greatly decline, and perhaps even become exhausted, and, actuated by this fear, the governments of Holland and Great Britain decided to attempt the cultivation of the cinchona tree in their colonies of Java and the East Indies. The first seeds and plants were carried thither from South America in 1861, and the first exportation of bark from that region to Europe, consisting of only twenty-eight ounces, was made in 1869. The production of it in the island of Ceylon was growing so enormously from year to year that in the years of 1882-83 6,925,000 pounds of it were exported from that place; from 1883 to 1884, 11,500,000 pounds, and from 1885 to 1886, 15,944,912 pounds. The exportations of Java have been smaller in quantity, but not less important, since in 1887 they exceeded 3,300,000 pounds. The necessary result of such an immense production was the rapid decline in the price of this raw material and of the article extracted from it. To this depreciation further contributed two other causes, the influence of which it is impossible to ignore. In the first place, the South American bark generally yielded but 2 per cent. of sulphate, while that of Ceylon and Java, due to the cultivation of the tree, produced from 8 to 12 per cent. In the second place, because of the discovery and employment of new and more economic processes, there can actually be obtained, with less expense and in the course of three or five days, a greater quantity of quinine than was before extracted in twenty days by means of the processes which were then employed."

STACKPOLE'S WORLD'S FAIR IDEA.

He Proposes the Construction of a Huge Hemispherical Building.

Designs innumerable for structures of all sorts of shapes and dimensions have reached the managers of the World's fair at Chicago. One of these is the work of Mr. William Thompson Stackpole, of



THE BIG COLUMBIAN DOME suggests the erection of a Columbian dome, to rest upon a solid foundation, but a little above the level of the streets. "As I have planned it," says Mr. Stackpole, "the structure is to be an exact circle on the ground plan, and an exact half circle in elevation, arch and roof. Thus it will be a perfect hemisphere. An exact half sphere, it will give the strength of the principle of the arch, trebled in practical and simple form. Hence there can be no doubt of more than ample strength to sustain a suitable and handsome tower, springing from ample bearings, resting evenly on its broad summit. The plan contemplates as its size a dome of 400 feet in diameter and 200 feet in height above its rock foundation, and this surmounted by a tower 175 feet above the summit of the dome, and this again by a ball or globe of say 25 feet in diameter. Then a flagstaff would complete all and make the whole structure symmetrical. The height would be 400 feet to the top of the ball."

Helligoland's German Governor.

The people of Helligoland, the queer little island in the North sea which was ceded to Germany recently by Great Britain, according to late advices are much pleased with the administration of the governor appointed to rule over them by Emperor William.

His name is Wilhelm Geiseler, and until his promotion he was a captain in the imperial marine, and had charge of the artillery depot at Wilhelmshaven. Capt. Geiseler is the son of a merchant, and was born in Stettin thirty-eight years ago. He entered the navy when a lad, and has had an exceptionally honorable and successful career.



CAPT. GEISELER of the artillery depot at Wilhelmshaven.

A Wealthy Student of History.

George Vanderbilt's studies are in the direction of history, both sacred and profane. He is also interested in theological controversy, as well as scientific record. Darwin is one of his favorite authors, and he has as choice a collection of all that has been written upon the subject of evolution and natural selection as can be found in this country, perhaps anywhere. He is not much of a hunter of book stores, although there is one publishing house in New York city where he sometimes calls, and once in a while he looks over old libraries collected by one of the best known of the old book sellers. He is not a bibliophile, as Brayton Ives, late president of the Stock Exchange, and some other wealthy men are, but he buys a book for what is in it, rather than on account of its age, exquisite binding or any other peculiarity which makes books sought for by bibliophiles. When there are new publications which the publisher with whom he deals thinks he would like they are sent to him for inspection, and he is one of the rich men in New York to whom the dealer in old books sends a private and special catalogue when something choice has been received and is for sale.

The Pets of Actresses.

A good many slingers and actresses lavish their superfluous affection on birds or animals. Minnie Hauk's pet is a parrot that says "Bravo, Minnie Hauk," when she sings "Habanero." Ella Russell's favorite is a black and tan collie named Otello. Pattadores a parrot, and Scalchi and Elena Sanz have a cat named upon parrots. Emma Eames loves a Havanese dog, and Madeline Stolz a tame snake.

THE YEOMEN OF ENGLAND.

BASS SONG.

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1. In Eng-land where the

2. Those i-ron times are



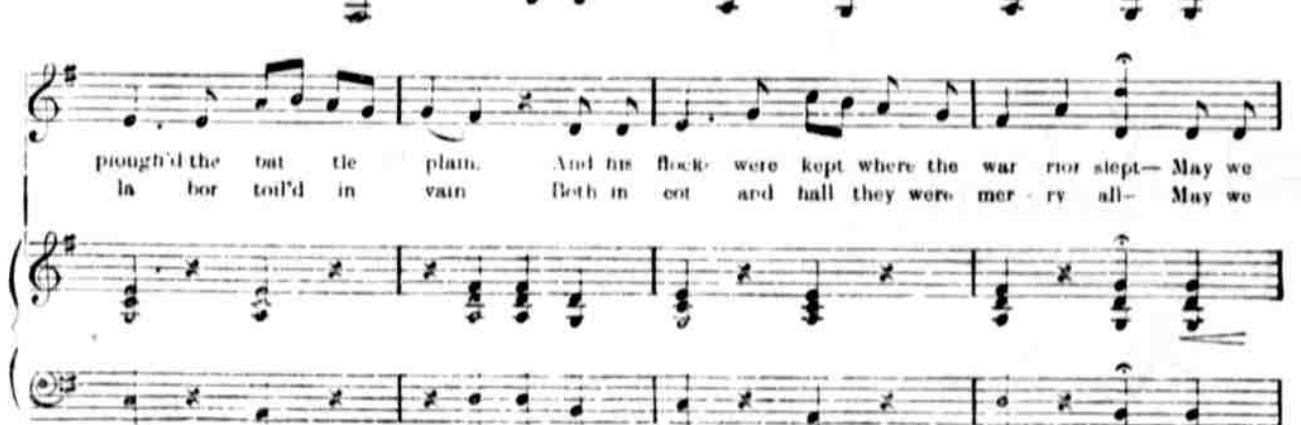
cur few bell Proclaim'd the Nor-man sway— Oh, then, it rang the part-ing

past and gone. Then came those sun-ny days When all the roy-al fa-vor



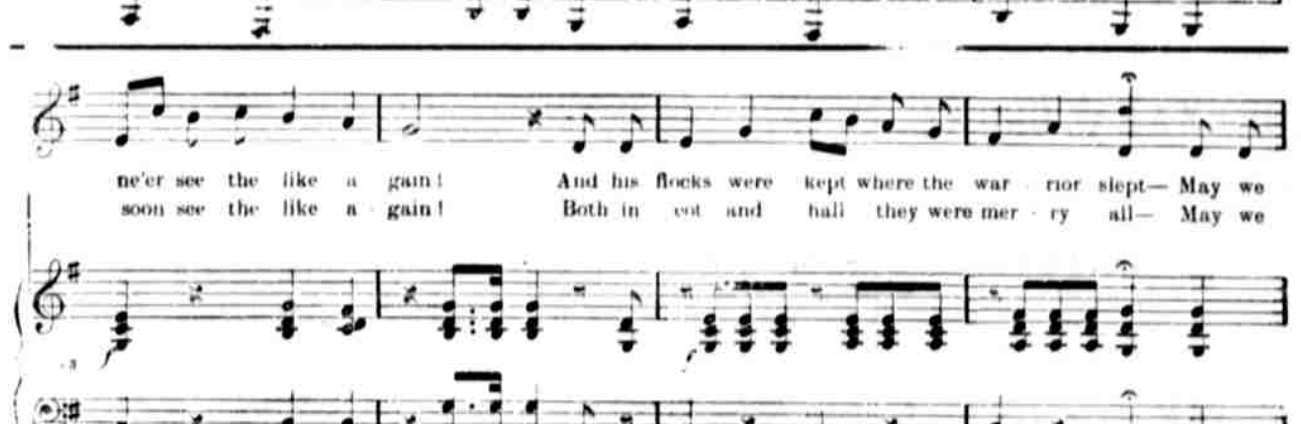
knell Of free-dom pass'd a way For the yeo-man then with his trust-y men Off

shone On good old Eng-lish ways Then the days were blest, for the land had rest, Nor



proug'd the bat-tle plain. And his flock were kept where the war-rior slept— May we

la-bor toil'd in vain Both in cot and hall they were mer-ry all— May we



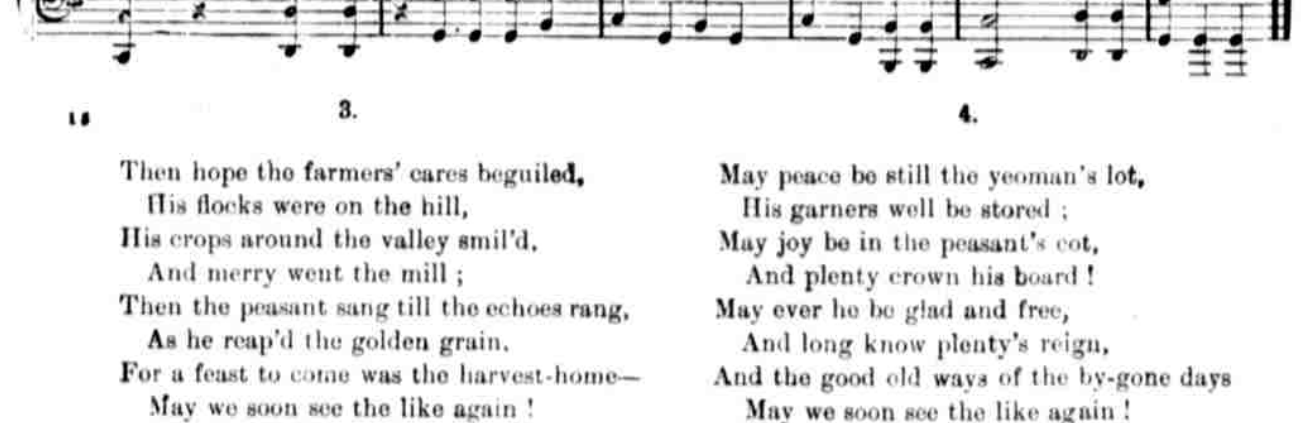
ne'er see the like a gain! And his flock were kept where the war-rior slept— May we

soon see the like a gain! Both in cot and hall they were mer-ry all— May we



ne'er see the like a gain! And his flock were kept where the war-rior slept— May we

soon see the like a gain! Both in cot and hall they were mer-ry all— May we



Then hope the farmers' cares beguiled, May peace be still the yeoman's lot,

His flocks were on the hill, His garners well be stored;

His crops around the valley smil'd, May joy be in the peasant's cot,

And merry went the mill; And plenty crown his board!

Then the peasant sang till the echoes rang, May ever he be glad and free,

As he reap'd the golden grain, And long know plenty's reign,

For a feast to come was the harvest-home— And the good old ways of the by-gone days

May we soon see the like again! May we soon see the like again!

For a feast to come was the harvest-home— And the good old ways of the by-gone days

May we soon see the like again! May we soon see the like again!



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